

**INTO THE
FUTURE
or,
THE NEW
BACK STRETCH**

by

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I SIT TO WRITE A FEW THOUGHTS,
THIS morning, while I get to a meeting,
and get my monthly medicine. I'll start
new writing, *as I find that I'm having
anxiety.* Such new creation then affords
myself it's shelter and comfort... This will
usually be enough to anchor my emotions
in a place of empowerment and stability.

Any free time I have, whether it's on the van, or in a waiting room, *can then be used for the practical purpose of writing.* This is what having a new beginning essay started can do. One is never at the mercy of a static time, when he or she knows this practice. At any rate, we're well past the middle of April, now... *it appears that Spring has sprung... and we're along on our way into warmer temperatures.* I want to get right along with a yoga stretch visualization. The sides of my head will be where most of my imaginary life pain comes up. It usually helps this to mentally imagine reaching my hands and arms up,

past the sides of my head, in this fashion,
as in a sunn salute. Our ways are quite
simplistic... *without having some good
methods for dealing with pain
isometrically.* This yoga stretch
visualization is one of the best ways to this.
I've worried myself, just recently, in
pondering over the sort of imaginary
trouble I've been feeling, as a form of
pressure, and tactile sensation at the sides
of my head, like that. *I wondered all
yesterday afternoon, why I should feel
this friction, in this way.* I awoke early
this morning, and did my hygiene... still
mystified over just *'what could be getting*

at me?' Then it occurred to me... 'Oh, I know... I initiated some new journalistic writing two mornings ago... *as a reaction to anxiety I was feeling.* **That must be what is causing the extra stress.'** I had pondered over every possibility... whatever it was... weather, I think, which the town I was living in at the time was affected by... *I pondered over all these possibilities, yesterday afternoon, which such 'discomfiture' might signify.* I think, now, that these worries are more around, the fairly ordinary process, of initiating new writing... as, with anything, the modern world has pressures upon, and resistances

unto any new development... *any new development will be met by resistance.* This goes back, mainly to the poeisis problem... *the trouble of creating 'something from out of nothing.'* (Ahead of weather issues, and such events, I think that, *inevitably we'll hear talk of the 'limits of growth,' as I used to, back around the end of the first decade of the new century.*) I inwardly experienced a lot of resistance, as my own developing kind of jumped up a level, when I discovered the text reading software on my computer, and I at first began to make my 'extended length,' audio productions... such as the Spirit Pages

audio books, and the 'Earth Changes' audio books, which I was developing around the time of the end of two thousand and eight. These early beginning efforts, I felt, were met with invisible societal resistance to my new development. Not that I think that this was real resistance... *but, more like the invisible angels and devils... and the sigh kick presentience of the tornado outbreak of April of two thousand and eleven.* This storm badly affected the south side of the town I was living in at the time. This was a 'once in a century,' storm. At any rate, wouldn't that *unn manifest* weather explain the resistance which I perceived at the

time? *Could such an issue be bothering myself now?* But, I don't think that these symptoms are as bad, as those were back then. This is more like the ordinary initiating of a new book... when we know Nature sometimes acts up badly, and there is loss of life and property. We've seen a lot of this in the recent year's time. If I'm trying to generate new output, such as new writing, then I can just about count on there being invisible societal resistance to such new work... *you can't create something new, and not include both good and bad future outcomes.* At any rate, I sit down, this afternoon, with some tea brew, and

after the aforementioned worryings... of the last two days or so. I can remember, playing for myself the folk jazz record which really opened the door, for myself... *needing nothing more than to listen to this record, played out into the room, and to look at art history books, in my little freshman college apartment living room.* I was, at age eighteen, beginning to learn of the light effects, that would come, and the sense of flying, which music listening produced in myself. My practices, at the time, soundly placed myself insular within my own little world... entirely free of the limitations, of the passage of time... or

from the concerns of conforming to societal expectations... *I was a little peace and happiness adherent, and everyone knew to just give me space, and time, to dream as I would... for the Lords best will to in time be done.* This youthful exploration was itself a halcyon time, of some reflection, upon a happy childhood, and school years... *and I was awash in the wonder of the 'new world,' to come...* things which I wasn't consciously keeping track of, at the time... how the passage of years, *on up through the nineteen nineties, to the Turning of the Ages, and of the Christian Millennium, our new century, in America, would bring*

unlimited information into the palm of everyone's hand. These dreams teased me, beckoning for me to explore in my own artistry the images and dreams, as which would come. Even now, this afternoon, I scan across the years which have passed, *and realize that I've taken my modern roles, and consciousness in this world so much for granted...* these music albums, and videos, this artistic arc... the good feelings which I nowadays enjoy almost all of the time... needing only a cup of coffee or tea... *all this, began with the crudest of explorations, into those phenomena of spiritual light, and the sense of flying*

which music listening brought to me.

Today, I've learned to be productive. I can see, how having of time, on my hands, can equate directly to new equity... and I instinct ually know, after all these years, *not to squander good time, solely on cheap talk, and caffeine drinks alone... but to think about the having of something to show for the time...* something to mark the passages of the days, weeks, and months, into years, and decades. At any rate. Having entertained these thoughts, across this past week, and into this weekend, and gotten this writing down, thus, I'm sure, now, that I've got a start on a new work of

literature, *to carry my writers life along into and through another Autumn, and Winter.* Well, I'll conclude these ideas, and wrap this writing up, and see about sharing such, and filing away, to include in a new book. All for now, Greg.

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I've thought a good bit, about the difficulties faced by dilligent men and women, in our twenty first century world. Work is still work, and such takes a toll on our minds and lives every day, if we're managing our own or others intellectual

content. The dream of being a writer or artist in the modern world is definitely still attainable, but with our hyper information society bringing any news of society's problems right into our field of vision... *such tends to be in our faces, almost daily.* We tend to experience negative events in a personalized manner... *a type of experience which you just wouldn't wish upon anyone.* I believe that the biggest threat to our healthy lives, as people, is oxidative stress. We can see that we deal with the pain of this oxidative stress, more when our work load is greater... *when we're having to use our brains, or thinking consciousnesses, to*

accomplish a certain objective, or set of objectives. This often comes up in website management, for instance, and we experience this stress both as cellular aging, of the cells of the affected part of our body, usually our brains... and as pain, which I think is caused by the oxygen in our bloodstream, reacting combustively with nutritional, digestive components, such as is contained in processed foods, and oils and fats. These, I think, are burned as free radicals, or reactive oxygen species. I think that this generalized pain, felt as we metabolize these nutritional components combustively with oxygen,

causes cellular stress, and aging. This, I think, is why we are often relieved when we get to consume antioxidants, such as contained in certain tea brews, and cranberry juice, to name two foods. This is because, I think, when we consume these foods, *these antioxidants simply put a baffle, or dampener, on all of this oxidative stress we experience daily in living our lives...* in doing our chores, and jobs, and skills, and talents, and abilities... and in metabolizing our food in general. *This makes us feel better, physically, and mentally... right away.* It is thought that in addition to getting more antioxidants, in

our diet, we should reduce our consumption of processed foods, and fatty oils. *These tend to metabolize combustively, and can damage our cellular make up, by causing premature aging.* Oxidative stress always causes aging, and decay. It is thought that one of the main paths to life extension, is through lessening oxidative stress. *Theoretically, if we could stop this stress from happening, we wouldn't experience cellular aging, and hence, could live much longer.* But, at any rate, many of us do experience too much oxidative stress, and, due to this, our bodies, especially our brains, age prematurely. In a pretty

standard week, for myself, I'll have creative work that I'm doing. This is one thing, but this type of genius sometimes goes out into the world, using means, and procurements of convenience. Like 'hastily conceived of' file names. Three days later, it will begin to dawn upon myself, how I could have used better titles, for these... or the hues of color will look wrong to myself... or something else... *so, then I'll have to go back behind myself and get everything perfected.* The difference between the early methods, and designs... the initial implementation, of my artistic sketches will be one way, *but I'll see so*

many ways that it could be better. Last week, for instance, making the changes I had to make, to come up to the higher vision I gleaned, only after the initial designs were online for a few days... this work, proved to be difficult. The changes that I began to see that the work needed, required whole do overs... ***just, conclusively, the project was not as simple as it had initially appeared.*** So, these problems, were real puzzles to work out, *and such required a comprehensive spiritual oversight, to quickly come up with the fixes which were necessary, to get the project back in the black.* So, really,

looking back, I can see that both my spiritual oversight, *and my kind of drone worker, who actually pushes the work through... my simple worker self... came through for myself, and made impressive showings.* I can easily imagine, how things may look lost, desperate, and impossible to fix, to an outside person... but in a capable persons heart, the solutions will have already appeared... and so the work, at that point, is no matter. *The job gets done, no two ways about it. (Barring the unexpected, which our mind will have heard stories of... such as a heart attack, or an unexpected earthquake, that is,) the*

good angels will just push the work through. The effort may have been gigantic... and the outside person might never will hear of this... such things as endless redos, just endless tries with varying success to get the right result... *and the teamwork, for instance, which will have come through, in your local group, say, will have been enormous.* So, we look for smooth experiences... for the piece that reads seamlessly, or the pristine audio playback. Successful reads, or views, simply equate to a win. *And, doesn't my reader see, how, success or failure might hinge entirely upon the designer or*

producer's yoga stretch visualization... this might be the crucial element, that gets the person past the 'sudden deaths,' of the hyper stimulated mind. The hurdles, which are encountered, in working with higher ascended beings, in general, will require some good ways to bridge the areas of a persons physique, which tend to appear separate, or divided... *the person has to know how to smooth back out these illusory separations, or divisions.* These are just parts of ordinary life, these types of migraines. So, at any rate, I'm pushing this second article, in this new 'INTO THE FUTURE,' audiobook, along a little

further, by adding a few thoughts in conclusion. *At a person's age such as mine, middle fifties, it's the oxidative stress, that causes cellular aging, and this is precisely what hurts the most.* So, when you simply feel 'in pain,' and your mind is hurting, *this is probably caused primarily by the oxidative combustion happening so much in your brain... so I think that this is why we might would need a strong glass of tea brew.* Not for the speed trip, or the thrill of the extra energy... but, for the relief from the pain of oxidative stress, and that combustion. *This is why we like cranberry juice, and tea so much.* I'd say,

that three fourth of the gain we get from a strong cup of tea, is due to the dampening of oxidative stress which this drink immediately brings. *One fourth of the blessing of tea, I think, is the caffeine.* I can do without the caffeine. What I really crave, is the relief from the pain of the stress of cellular aging. Can we have fun at work? *And not let the pain of the stress it brings age us too quickly?* This is a good question. You should answer it for yourself. At any rate, I'll wrap these thoughts up, and add them in with the others, now. I hope you have a good new week. All for now, Greg.

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I'm going to put a few thoughts onto this word processor screen, this evening. I'm going to use this opportunity to get some jazz thoughts input into my device. If you were wondering, where the 'hyper realism' comes from... *where the progressives get their maniacal profundity, and blisteringly fast tempos, in general... then you can think about how quickly our world's political climate gets topsy turvey... as in when a large oligarchy starts a military buildup along a peaceful nation's border.*

Such an intensity shift lives in infamy, as from experience through the years, *progressives will know this kind of insanity by heart.* Through the decades, back into the twentieth century, and beyond, this maddened, electrified, hyperboric state emerges in a people's music, time and again. *We all will have felt the international drama time and again, so many musicians will know what that's like, and will be experienced in that modality.* Such is a part of the modern musical landscape. In world music, our expression is always somewhat in the context of world politics, and modern wars are always very

painful. Theosophy is the worlds oldest belief system. *The utility of dispelling occult darkness, I think, is what we can rest in.* This involves shining of light into dark, occult corners. *The twentieth century intellectual world was built on this Theosophy.* It just so happens, that this is at the heart of the modern politics, as well... but this is something, a principle to put into implementation... rather than a facade to hide behind. The problem is that so much of our times *will be in between moments, when our passive natures tend to take over.* But the shining of light requires mettle, and courage, in holding to that

higher ground. And, right now, the light is somewhat dimm, because the enemy is massing along the eastern border. *The stronger voice is clear, but the darkness is... dark. While strong voices are needed, what is really needed, are the peaceful and gentle meekness'... the dignified owls, the night's own standard bearers.* So, I've seen some dark nights before, and your scene is based in your riches. It's definitely dark in the mines, but I'm for one enraptured by the brilliance of the diamonds. *I approach music from a light hearted place, so it mightn't compare or relate in comparison to the serious composers.* But, I've seen

some beautiful utopian visions... *in the
vaunted ideals of purest jazz.* I hope these
words aren't too much of a distraction.
But, since you happen to be poetic royalty,
no one can tell you how to think, or how to
act. *When God is in a thing, its a Classic.*
*Bronze... Iron... Steel... Titanium... if a
thing is meant to be stronger than anything
else, it will contain the properties of iron,
or steel.* This is the rigid structure which is
channeled, down linked from the stars... As
we set steel beams... welded and bolted...
into place, *we'll think of the years of usage
that will come.* Well, I can just remember
to reach my hands and arms up past the

sides of my head... in a salute to the Sunn above. **This is how I've trained my eyes to see.** At any rate, I'll brain storm around these ideas, until something strong materializes. With many many tries at the goal of successful writing, I and my spirit immortal gradually fill this article out, and build up this establishment, tonight. I'm going to try and stay with my sobriety, here... *This is not the last time I'm going to say this.* I've been clean and drug and alcohol free for twenty two years. I've got to hold on to my sanity, and innocence as well. I'm going to use my 'Altered Piano' soundscapes as the music for this audio

book, and see if this doesn't help to fill out the length. As the impressionistic phrasing of this esoteric piano album are playing lightly on my online device, *I'm remembering what it is to hurt from the pain of a migraine.* The piano is a blissful practice, only, my heart is often thirsty for the refreshment of cold water. *This dichotomy is something to remember.* You might want to build your offline media collection, so that you can find this peaceful playback. *And begin to learn the ways of your randomly shuffled jukebox.* I sit, absorbing some music progressions from my quietly playing smart device's

jukebox. The light coming in from through the open blinds over my bedroom window is enchanting. *I've not seen a prettier sight in a while.* At any rate, I've gotten some good sketching done, since I've lived here, at my current location. ***This helps myself to have the sense, now, that I've got 'something to show,' for the time spent.***

My musical and artistic output, through the years, has taken on numerous styles, and attributes. Our human predicament, is such that (hypothetically,) our minds (1) *can't cause harmful interference, upon others minds,* and (2) *must receive any interference that causes undesired*

operation malfunctions. But, there's one thing about the nay eve or materialist consciousness... such a mind, if born into the materialist paradigm, will tend to see and perceive the material world as non spiritual, and just not be consciously aware of any of the figment ary presences within or about him or her self. *A solitary materialist consciousness might will have practically no sense of his own spirit's immortal basic nature... as I would say that it requires two or more souls, joined in conscious unison, to formulate any theories, or philosophies around the immortal soul.* If a youth is formulating

theories of his or her immortal soul, then this would suggest that he or she is 'in on the mysteries of' *'disembodied existances,'* *'disembodied enteties.'* But, some are, as I myself was, given thoughtful reading, which was full of philosophical musings, and speculations, of a prosodic nature. *So my consciousness was able to easily emulate that speculative modality.* I think that I fooled a few of my peers, *by unintentionally leading them to think I was more intelligent, or enlightened than I actually was...* I was a 'convincing illusion...' an 'imitation,' and as such, I was on a few occasions, deceived by, say, a

resentful, or hostile spirit, **into betraying my own ignorance.** I think that, it was clear, then, who possessed spiritual insight, *and who was locked in the materialist mindset, and consciousness.* But, five years after my high school graduation, one stormy night, the spiritual light bulb began to shine, within my heart, and I found myself 'engaged in a conscious conversation' with a disembodied being. This first step, was hard to coax into happening... as my teenage subconscious and unconscious mind definitely had always 'hugged the shadows,' so it was almost a physical transformation, this

awakening of myself, to the 'others' within and about my own self. I began to discover, how this inner world didn't conform solely to the rules of literary prosody, but such was of an immensely poetic nature... poemlike. *My mind then became a 'window into the soul,' only... I found my self in an agitated, restless condition for the next five or six years.* Only after this term, could I begin to make the transition into a more or less pain free insularity... *(and into someone who was a conscious participant in the interconnective great mind of mankind... a knowing participant in the latticework of*

consciousness about all human life.) So, you see, there were really three main stages to this transformation. First, the materialist, who takes the 'given paradigm, and terms of existence,' for granted, without questioning them, and secondly, an awakened heart, who was generally insular, (outside of his society, or much any consciousness of such,) and who was 'in pain,' and who relied on pills and potions, to access any deveachaic or astral consciousness at all... *chemically attained bliss...* and thirdly, the *fully socialized, spiritualized* member of the community, who appreciates sobriety, as the finest

modus operandii, *and who interacts on a conscious spiritual level, with others in his community.* But, I allow myself some coffee and tea, and this is entirely sufficient to keep me contented. At any rate, doing writing, music and art, is pretty thankless work. But, my spiritual side is always ready to show myself attention, for this craft. *And appreciation can come from unexpected places, like from the songbirds in the back yard of our place here...* as, if you listen very closely, and pay attention to inflection, and tone... ***you might hear them talking amongs themselves, of such a mystical, dreamed of phenomena, as a***

'preech nitt.' In fact, you yourself might get to be the *'preecher.'* Just some thoughts. I hope this writing finds you peaceful, and contented... and that you can *'subdue your passions,'* and *'get past, your cravings,'* and just be happy. After all, a cup of coffee is a very precious thing to have, indeed. Well. All for now, I'll send this article along your way now. Greg.

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Starting this fourth piece, in this new 'INTO THE FUTURE' audio book, this morning, I'm just going to throw some

ideas out, to see how they appear visually, on my screen. I'm inputting these thoughts while waiting in our home's dining area, to get our morning medicine... *This usually only takes a few minutes, and I'll be on my way.* This is Wednesday, the last day in April, this year. We're expecting mainly hazy sunshine, today, and I think the next three days are supposed to be rainy. Our temperatures are quite warm and humid, today. *We'll be glad for our air conditioning.* This writing is coming along, and this is something I'm proud of. *It's an honor just to have someone in Heaven smiling on me, taking the time with*

me, to just get some writing done. Some of my audio book readings are so ascendant... that they expand my mind, every time I hear them. In fact, this is a big part of why I listen to some audio books, because of the way such makes me feel... *This is often my reason, for liking a certain writer...* and listening to audio books, is one of my main pastimes. I can think of just numerous authors, *which I feel make me feel in such a way, which I like... listening to their audio books.* Now that I think of it, this is the reason I'm apt to listen, to an author... *this type of 'trademark,' style of mood they put you in.* Audio books, are so much more

edifying to enjoy, than commercial network media, in general. But not to disagree with the television viewers crowd. I just find I enjoy a media more, when I get to use my imagination more, than when everything is so explicitly portrayed. *The nice thing about some television, though is its non commercial nature...* The repetitive commercial breaks are just what ruins broadcast media, usually, if you ask me. *But, I feel, that once you've experienced for yourself the wonderful ways that audio books, and their moods, stay with you, and make you think more... you'll be inclined to seek them out.* At any rate. If you want to

know the type of creative diversion or hobby that I find I like the most, it's probably, such as this writing, which I'm doing right now. *There's something about such a rich and detailed communion, as this is, which is just irreplacable.* I'd generally rather build an audio book, than read back at it. Really my whole belief is around the composition process. And visual artistry is just as fine... people have always told me, how holding a pencil, or pen, and freely sketching on a piece of paper *is the closest you can get to communion, yourself with your own dreams.* Those who aren't in on this

wonder, I feel waste a lot of time in grief,
and in bemoaning their own predicament...
*when we can be so enraptured, and really
captivated, by just giving the pen or stylus
to your best, most sensible spirit... I think
you'll find this to be true.* Well, this
writing is coming along now, and I'm glad
to have covered how, *it will always be the
communion... ones self, with ones spirit
immortal... which will most be remembered
from a long life, with some grief and some
joy both.* At any rate, I do enjoy listening
back to recent work, but this is a way of
showing ones self love, not really a good
way of learning about new subjects, and

topics. But, last night I spent two hours or so reading back to all of my recent *Greg @ the Piano* video clips. These were somewhat hard to make, but now that I've got them, they're a resource I'm proud of. I hadn't really gotten a very good overview of them, until just last night... so I was pretty impressed with their richly interesting natures. They're not something which you'd much think you might would like, but, if a viewer will give them a chance, I think that the video recorded poeisis, like that, looks and sounds good. An atmospheric line of precipitation has just passed overhead, but this doesn't mean

that the rain is all passed... the clouds and storminess are expected to build back up after dark tonight... *and then tomorrow... Friday, and Saturday are supposed to bring a mixture of sun and rain.* Anyways, I'm sitting here, on this bed this afternoon, and am thinking of how I can use rhythmic, jazzy, riffing, repetitive patterns to get this writing further along. *A good way to do this is to use some king of guided visualization. This type of thing has helped myself to get past many writer's blocks.* I can somewhat imagine myself walking along the shoreline of an ancient, or prehistoric ocean. The pebbles, and

shells, and sand, and seaweed upon which you walk, can symbolize the world of conscious waking local phenomena... that which is immediately visible... the world of consciously perceived phenomena. The ocean surf may symbolize the world of subconscious impressions... the waves lapping against your shoreline are, perhaps, the impressions just below the levels of your conscious awareness. The distracting tactile sensations you feel around your five senses... eyes, ears, and facial skin surface especially... seem to stand for the vast ocean's depths... *it's currents, it's waves, it's inhabitants, and it's temperatures.*

The clear sky arching overhead might stand for the purely unconscious reaches which you may ever learn of... on goings in other places... *the truly unknown reaches... who we were before our birth, and the questions of the ultimate natures of the soul, and what we see after our physical death... those things which God is in control of... such as the precise time, and nature of our death...* this for most people is a question which is just as unanswerable as is the questions of, *'Is there life on other planets?'* and, *'How can we peer into the future, or alter or amend the past?'* So, with some effort, on my part, and on the

part of my spirit guides, you can see how we can peer into realms we mightn't have otherwise. A guided visualization like this is like a holosphere, which you will be able to think of and move around inside, for the rest of your life... because you've gotten it written into your latest book project. *'How can we fabricate, or allow a piece of real estate, which is all ours, and which no one, then will be able to take from ourselves?'* Create purely imaginative visual, and sensory lands, within the spans of a written article. *At any rate, with this piece added into my new 'INTO THE FUTURE,' audio book, my work will look and feel better. A*

creative gain, like this one... or just most any work, added into my latest project, makes the time a lot more fun... *a good comparison might be, what I remember from, getting picked up from school early, by my Dad, for a family trip down to the beach... such a thing really makes you feel special, and then, there's almost no end to the happiness. Such as this would just be like, a rare treat which you've got to be a kid again to discover... there's no other way.* Such indeed might be sufficient reason to be born into life again. I haven't thought of this as vividly as I am now, in a long while. Well, I hope we have a great

month of May, and somehow learn to forgive ourselves for what our eyes have, too many times, seen. *'Peace is a certain kind of result, that everyone wants to learn of, and recapture, and emulate over their entire lives.'* We'll try for it, even if the odds may seem against. Well, I'll wrap this article up, and add it in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

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I might have been resting so good, a perfectly fine night... and then I'll begin thinking... turning ideas over and over in

my mind... good, novel ideas... innovative thinking. If I'll at once apprehend and grasp what is happening, then I'll see. *These ideas are meant to be written down!* You'll see, if you find yourself in this place, *if you'll make this one connection, and write those inventions down... you'll later thank yourself a hundred fold.* This is really the the quantum leap we make, in becoming a more serious content developer. *(Your desire has always been to write.)* If you think about it, most people aren't such special characters... many people's creative life will not kick in, until after their middle life crisis, for instance,

so they might be some what challenged...
as personalities, not everyone is so remarkable. So, I would say, that if these more obscure personalities will think of themselves instead as content developers, rather than as personalities, then there'll be a lot less grief, and strife in the world. I myself had to somewhat cross this hurdle. I just couldn't escape the dreams of being a stage star... though I struggled to put together strong, and durable podcasts, (and I think, succeeded,) *I was somewhat tormented by dreams of being a 'personality' on a stage.* I would have done better to just think of myself more as a

publishing house, which develops content, in general, (*and that would have left a lot more room for creative innovation,*) than as a 'stage performer,' I think I would have come around sooner. Well, anyways. You can see, I've put together my Greg at the Piano video clip series. I think that this has sufficed to get my performers image out... *who I am, and maybe more importantly, who I'm not...* so with this type of work explored by myself, I feel really freed to explore other modalities, *than just onstage piano player.* At any rate, these are the ideas that were running around up in my head tonight. *Writing them down*

goes a ways toward my keeping my sanity.

Because, the more one thinks, and doesn't get the thoughts down, I feel, the more invisible he or she becomes. So this is really an important lesson... *one which I myself was slow in learning.* But, once I did learn it, though, I began to write more.

I'd like to think more about what a 'writer's' or 'creator's' role includes.

This is the '*worker bee*,' of the hive. He or she will go a million flight paths, and accomplish many small tasks, in the course of a day. This all will be the sincerest work. *What I'm trying to say, is that the writer or creator will simply be a*

mediumistic vessel... the waters of life which flow through every nook, every crevasse, every tubule... they are simply the crystalline waters of paradise. A living being, if he or she is in harmony with the innermost spiritual directive... is a member of the Lord's host. Many of the same waters which flow through him, might flow through others in his or her neighborhood. These together can, somewhat, be seen as a many fold presence. Maybe a good metaphor for such, is as the myriad streams which are somewhat fed by the same source. What I mean by this, is that, there will be one rainy weather system, but many

streams which flow down and away from the headlands. Streams all have different characteristics... so they will have different names on a topographic map... branches, creeks, and streams... *the rainfall nourishes them all.* There are other sources of the waters, in a way... *such as artesian wells, and natural springs, but these all go back, somewhat, to the rain that falls.* The world's oceans, I think are the largest waters in the world... and every day, the sunlight shines upon, and evaporates thousands of gallons per square mile of ocean... this atmospheric moisture, is blown around by the different wind streams

on Earth... as jet streams. These carry this atmospheric moisture back over the land, to replenish the rivers, and streams, and springs, and wells. **So, at any rate, the gist, or idea I'm trying to convey, is that, the writer, or artist, or artisan, or producer, or engineer is fed and nourished by the same animate principals as others of his community might be... this is part of the mysteries and enigmas of the spirit, and you'll want to think about it, and I think, write about it. It's an unbelievable miraculous indwelling which flows through and among all life, in general... maybe down to the**

tinest protozoan, or microbe... I mean, if you look through a microscope, you might see amobeas, paramecieum, phages. *Just how hard is it, really, to see into these animate scenes and scapes, on the micro scale, and begin to see... say, congeniality, and for instance, enthusiastic glee, from within these microscopic creatures?* I think, that the longer you observe nature, the smarter it appears to grow. As someone whose looked at a lot of avian ways, as well as many different types of furry animals, such as squirl, opossum, ground hog, field mice, shrews, and moles, and skunks, and even wolves, and coyotes... as

well as armadillo, salamander, and frogs...
many kinds of insects, arthropods, and
arachnids, centipedes, and millipedes...
*these are all different branches on the tree
of life, and they all, appear to be
expressions, somewhat of a central
source...* at least this is my view... **they
appear to have the same, or similar,
animate principals expressing through
them, is what I'm trying to say.** Humans
are pretty unique, because of our tool
usage. So, what this means, uniquely, is
that higher intelligence can work through
us, as having such a design as we do, *we,
some of us, have been able to develop, and*

build, and implement, binary information technology, and we just thrill in our archiving and cataloging, and storing, and researching, and accessing, our information. Well, anyways, you get the idea. A writer like myself, is more or less most concerned with being a clear, lucid, or translucent medium, for the animate spiritual principles to flow through, in the forms of written language, and artistic visual expression, and musical expression, and all of the forms of environment sampling technology, like video cameras, and still cameras, and microphones. *At any rate, I'm just a worker bee. I want to move*

when the boss says move. I want to be able to get my word processor out, and without delay, go right to some mediumistic writing... because ideas flow through, sometimes, and they're raw materials for thoughtful mediumistic writing. So, and I'm always springboarding... I'll leap from one idiom, or media, to another... and the relationships with my peers in my home family, and my extended friend group, and biological family, often suffice to stimulate innovative thinking... I think that it's my blue tooth external keyboard, which works in tandem with my phone, which is the single most important interface I have.

(Other than my piano,) Of course, my desktop computer has to be used for mixing, and editing, and producing, but having the blue tooth keyboard, lets me get to writing anytime I have it and my smart phone near me. Well, you can see some more of the ideas going around in my mind tonight... *I wouldn't have wanted to let them get away from me... instead, I definitely like to get them onto lasting media.* I'll then have something to show for the time passed, won't I? *At least I'll have assisted in the Good Lord's doing of His or Her will through my life.* This is what I'm trying to say, anyways. I think

adherence to the cleanliness, and sobriety principles, allow ones self to be the purest outlet through which Spirit can work... *if I'm truly interested in getting on paper the thoughts of our just and merciful God, then I think that this is a great purpose.* Of course, the Good Lord can bring me into His or Her flock, and let me develop His higher ideals, with Him, such as respect, and trust... *these qualities will be there in spades if He or She wishes to allow you His graces.* So, see? I believe we want to keep a reverential attitude, to the beings in the higher worlds, and I think, this can be something which is really entrained, and

allowed... **not necessarily on the mortal person's time line, but on the Good Lord's schedule.** So, a person like myself, would, definitely give the Good Lord a full complement of His or Her own credit, as He requests such of the person. So, you see? *This is a kind of protocol, which the adherent will be well familiar with, and it definitely comes down to, 'Thy Will be Done, on Earth as it is in Heaven.'* The hard part, is when everything has gone well, but everything has gone wrong, also. *The hard part is in our having to deal with 'having seen too much.'* My most recent theory, in thinking of 'Why do young men

do bad things?' is that, *there may be a thing, you might could call the, 'Curse of the loose talking boys.'* Young men, many of them, will have reputations, they're not aware of, and hence, will have, possibly, some dark 'loose ends,' and, when things get heavy, they fly off and do something illegal, even violent. What do you think? Is this itself stinking thinking? Or am I correct in making note of these ideas, tonight? I don't always know exactly what the ultimate right path is. I guess, I'll know, after reading this back, to myself, whether or not it reads like truth. *But, you see, any of my ideas, no matter what, will*

slip into a gray wash of past years, unless I endeavor to write them down, to my future self. At any rate, when I try to think about the notions that were in my mind, as a young man, I can fathom, that I hardly have any idea. I do know, that I lacked in much of any ideas at all, until the Spirit turned a light bulb on in my mind, and I entered into the proverbial 'loop,' and joined the conversation. Prior to this, I was somewhat of a blank slate. I had play experiences, and then I had my reading. But only the reading really stoked my dreams. Play projects always seemed to fall way too short of the goal... I entirely

lacked the 'grown up,' ability, or art form.

Anyways, you can see, how, I wish I could have recorded at least some of my rational thoughts, from those formative years.

What would I have said, if I had thought to record a few thoughts onto magnetic tape, for instance? I know, that I would have been entirely lacking in coherence... and couldn't have much glimpsed, on my own, the sense of purpose, which a self conservation path employs. I certainly had to be only gradually introduced to many abstract poetic concepts... *I had to gradually develop consciousness of my own aesthetic.* There's a big difference

between self 'consciousness,' and self 'awareness.' I had to only gradually grow conscious of my whole spectrum, or field of consciousness. So, you see a competent writer's words, going onto my pages? Let me tell you, this was not an easily gained benefit. *There were many, many false starts, and dead end alleyways, before I began to develop a mature style.* At any rate, these words seem to be coming to their conclusion, now, so I'll wrap this writing up, and add it in with the others, now. I hope you have a great summer months ahead, and that the coming seasonal times will be a true blessing. Well, all for

now, Greg.

~

I'M CALLED TO MY WORD
PROCESSOR ON my smart device, and
I'll see what ideas might be present. This
day has been somewhat tedious, for myself.
I finally managed to self remedy my
migraine, by visualization. I saw my pain
areas as resultant of my 'feathers being
matted,' and weighed down by atmosphere,
biosphere, and being ness. I imagined
myself fluffing them to allow fresh air in
and around. *This brought immediate relief,*

and my day had a turnaround. Today is the first Tuesday in May, this year, and it's evening, now, after our bedtime medicines, and I've sat down to this writing. I've put one of my records on my dee vee dee player, Curio, and I'm enjoying the light flowing of music, while I'm inputting these thoughts. Most of my records are spontaneously created documents... I think that for this one, however, one or two of the organ pieces were re done, and the overall quality was improved. At any rate, I'm fairly happy with my finished part one of this 'INTO THE FUTURE,' audiobook. So starting part two, is something that

comes along pretty easily, and ordinarily. Trusting myself... simply having enough confidence, and certitude to do what I have to do each day... is important. *I know that I can win approval with my melodic, lyrical piano playing style.* This might be my recourse, if I can't easily make things work through this writing... I'll see what good can come through some playing. But, writing can be done like playing an instrument. If I can express lofty heights of emotion, and write beautiful melodic chordal passages... If I can do this, in writing... then I'll be a strong, capable voice, and my writing will be wholly

adequate, at most any time. At any rate, it helps, I think, to understand the musical attributes in our speech.... how we might not be saying anything of any more significance than, 'I feel great this morning,' or 'This has all worked out. I'm glad about this.' *Our speech might be made solely of inflection, rhythm, and tone, and still be expressive and profound.*

Well, you can see. These thoughts will be the first part of my 'INTO THE FUTURE' audio book part two. I'll be glad to have this began, and can get along, in writing, down the page. Anyways, I was thinking, this morning, 'Aren't we who are living

today, somewhat all survivors of the games, and perils of life?' 'At least, so far?' *'Shouldn't we feel, something like comraderie, and fraternity?'* Because, it does look like, **'Death is no respecter of persons?'** It takes a certain aptitude to survive on the open road, this is true. Part of having this, is I think knowing to watch out for 'the other guy.' At any rate, today is the first Wednesday in May, this year. The whip o will is singing, and there's, I think, a cloud layer overhead. The worst of the precipitation passed over us last night, and has moved on over to the east. I'm sitting up in my apartment, an hour before I go to

get my morning medicines, at the main building. After this is accomplished, I'll get a bite of breakfast, and clean up anything that needs straightening in our kitchen. If I don't have an appointment at the main office, I'll then be free somewhat until lunch time. At any rate, this is our day. At the end of an arduous day, I'm somewhat un wine ding, and enjoying my coffee. *It's good when everyone gets off of the road, and gets safe and sound in their homes... at any rate, this is the goal.* We're really over the middle week hill, by now... and if you ask me, it's all downhill from here. *It really depends on your particular*

perspective, doesn't it? At any rate, I've found that when a time of dues paying arises, and my life and free time gets taken up by 'mental labor,' of an unglamorous sort, this is when I can do best, by getting my word processor and smart device out. *Just tapping into the inner and outer space thinking, which somehow must rejoin with the Earth inside... then this do odd, or contrasting spiritual pairing gets busy.* Just as when the rod, or staff strikes the rock, and fresh water springs forth... there arises a whole series of outputs, or musical scores, or written essays, which then suffice as a winning game. But, at any

rate, I know that I can usually get my writing work to move along down my page *by the usage of some jazz thought.* For example, we can imagine a pure flowing of spring water, bounding forth down a hill side. *From this, we can easily inference the quiet, still pond in the vale below.* I've found, how if I can at once get inside of a narrative flowing... say for instance, put my head beneath the surface of the green pond water, (with a snorkle and mask, for instance,) then there would immediately leap into my consciousness a hidden world of subaquatic life... plantlife, and amphibian, and fish, and so forth... *as it*

were, stepping inside of a linear, narrative flowing, where the more minute, detailed ongoing and life processes are visible, and are thriving. Until my mind can make this leap, I'm sort of like a fish out of water. Only, this is a blissful and languid kind of separation. Instead of quickly getting back beneath the water's surface, *I instead enjoy the rare air, and blissful, woozy intoxication... which is something like a sugar rush... only somewhat unable to really truly slip inside a linear flowing, or actually feel well.* The next day, and I do feel well. **I believe, that we'll go home one day, to truly live the life that is**

constantly ongoing within ourselves. But, until that moment arises, we're ensouled at the material world. Even this writing is a sort of distracted yet engaged relating. Living is a marriage of both Heaven and Hell. *It was really challenging, yesterday afternoon, to have to subtract out whole paragraphs of what I had come up with, in that writing.* I concluded, at a point, that it would have been better to just leave well enough alone, and to be grateful for my finished part one, than to go forth into part two, making so many waves. So, I decided to trim a lot of the essay out. *At any rate, I've striven to get these ideas down, this*

evening, and get the band width down to something more manageable. So, no new 'magma vents' in our neighborhood. At least not here. I think, that the imagery of 'striking the rock,' and of having spring water come forth, is an Old Testament notion, that conjures images of nuclear science. But such, I think, also somewhat stands for the intrinsic pairing of masculine and feminine potentialities, within one mind... from which seemingly endless creativity comes forth. My belief, is that this enigmatic bond is at the heart of the most promethian literary output. There will have been the figures, across history,

who have been in possession of this do odd, or duality, and who will have generated enormous legacies, and who will have somewhat elevated their respective cultures. And this writing itself might be such a conjuring. The time is the next morning, now, and I've gotten my hygiene accomplished, and am just finishing out this writing... by resolving my loose ends, (and any logic errors that might would confuse the reader... such as that,) and putting my flourishes on the end of this article. I think we're supposed to have partly cloudy weather, today, but that usually means partly sunny, because the

glass will usually be half full, not half empty. At any rate, this writing will initiate my new part two. I'll wrap up this first article, in this second set, and add it in with the others, now. I hope you'll enjoy it. Have a great weekend. All for now, Greg.

~

I'm going to try and get a few words down into this word processor. I've got about thirty minutes until I want to get over to our office, to get my medicine, and say goodnight. I'll pick up writing when I get back. In the previous article, I was writing

about the need to step into the flowing stream, in order to arrive upon the most circumspect perspective. *In starting a book or a chapter in a book, this 'stream entry,' is of the essence.* You know much more than you may realize you know, at any given time. So, just in starting a flowing, one gains access to the well spring of subconscious intellect, and can easily bring such online into a written article. *Water, I think, symbolizes the subconscious matrix, and latticework of presences invisibly about a person.* In the same way that a snorkle and mask allow you to easily see that which is hidden beneath, I think

that our etheric eyesight, when we have awakened such, allows us to gain incremental consciousness of unseen ongoing about ourselves. I think also that perhaps, our afterlife eyesight will be much more revealing of subconscious and unconscious presences... *we'll then be on equal footing with the others within, and so they'll be much more clearly visible.* If you don't believe that we have consciousness after our physical death, then, maybe you see how death might be a calm awakening in a baby's crib... *and the not knowing quite sure how he or she got there.* I think you'll always have these two possible

answers to the afterlife question... basically it might be as simple as this. At any rate, it's no wonder, really, that we ponder over existential questions such as these... as life shows us so much, and there are simply too many unanswered questions, *until looking within tends to bring to mind, I think, these two answers.* I'm going to get these meds, and get back to my apartment. In looking at the printed news, we're somewhat given perspective. *But sitting with a notebook and pen, we can glean insight into our own unique tomorrow.* This is something which poets and mystics know, which pretty much frees ourselves

from excessive reliance on typical information outlets. Good days, and bad days, for someone like myself, are measured by, for instance, *how sure my grip is, upon my existential now... and how strong tomorrow's picture is, or appears to be.* Of course, I want to know if threatening weather is headed my way, but most of my values are wrapped up in my prospects for new artistic and literary wins, and gains. Writing a lot might give to you a large stack of finished pieces, but you, too can see the worth of having some way to publish your own work. ***You might find that your publishing is just as important***

as your creating of digital equity. The two are intertwined. Finding one's place in the world... feeling like you're respected for what your spirit can accomplish artistically, or in a literary sense... *this will somewhat involve having a book or artistic relationship... patrons... or else having an internet connection, and a producer's desktop personal computer, or laptop computer.* At any rate, I'm glad to share this sort of thinking, because someone may want to read it, when I get it online. Many things about computers will come to a person intuitively. These include how to operate an internet browser, and how to

work with your computers folder system, to keep new work organized. But other things may require a leap of faith, so to speak, such as what someone filling you in on a particular facet, or distinction would bring... and the internet has many instructional computer tutorials. I think a person will want to learn of the differences between smart phones, and tablets... and personal computers. *(In order to know what phones and tablets will do... and what you will need a desktop or laptop computer for.)* So, distinctions such as these are just part of learning the art of self publishing. Anyways, if I were to tell you of my

present existential well being, such an account would have to include mention of this type of migraine... this sort of crucible of creating which has arisen in my mind over the last hour or so. I'm very accustomed to the way that I have to, for instance, pass through a narrow gauntlet, of sorts, *until I get the precise wording worked out in an important piece. My experience closes in to a narrow point, before opening back out into openness and freedom.* A person has to come to understand how, open space is unified, and one can easily sense another's emotions, if he tries... the air within a dwelling, or place

of business, or professional environment is an interconnective fabric... *and the sooner we come to understand this, I think, the better.* We can establish our boundaries, but in some ways, all minds share the same spaces, here on the surface of this Earth. Stepping 'out of sight,' or 'out of mind,' isn't too hard a thing to fathom, and do... *but once you understand the religious fervency of others, you'll see how we can know some little thing about virtually all things under heaven... without ever leaving our door.* But, I digress. I'm sitting here upon this bed, at about an hour before I have to get over to the office for my

medicines. I've been enjoying the pleasant flowing of ambient, and instrumental music coming from my smart phone speaker, for a while, and I can just see the way into this writing this morning. Our skies are somewhat gray, it's chilly, and we're expecting generally rainy weather through to about mid day, today. Definitely this is a good day to be indoors. I know that I'll feel better this afternoon, for instance, when the sunn is out. At any rate, these are a few of my thoughts, this morning. I've been sitting here with my hands resting on this keyboard, for the last two hours... but I've been drifting in and out of sleep, not

getting any writing done. But, this pianist I've been listening to... wow. *Every once in a while you make a particularly big discovery, of a musician, which re defines all of your standards, so to speak, and this is one of them.* I'll be listening to this for a while, it's so good. Anyways, today is the second Saturday in May this year. I sit writing after our lunch time, and listening to this piano player. I believe that I've learned something from this stream of consciousness playing style. Just what would our playing be like, if rather than interspersing occasional dreamy segments, *we made the dream sequences the main*

focus? Well, the time is around to one pea
emm. I sit writing, and the sunn is just
beginning to come through the clouds here,
seen through the open blinds in my
bedroom window. I sit with this blue tooth
keyboard on my lap, and looking at the
screen on my smart device. *I'm carefully
examining each thought expression that
arises, into my consciousness, and
including only the best into this writing.* In
order for it to be as durable as I can make
it, I take it slow, *and only gradually arrive
upon a completed essay.* This will
eventually build a quality product. I've
been writing along into this essay for the

past two days, now, and I'm reasonably sure that it's the best that it can be... getting every idea down onto paper involves resting with my hands on my keyboard. *I'm gradually going to finish this writing process into it's conclusion.* Well, I'm glad to have these ideas on paper, now, and I'm relieved and contented that the best has been done. Well, these ideas are beginning to come to their conclusion now, so I'll allow them to finish out onto my page. *I hope that you all have a pleasant rest of the weekend.* All for now. I'll wrap this writing up, and add it in with the others.

Greg.

~

I awoke early enough this morning to try and get some writing done... so I've got my blue tooth keyboard on my lap, *and my smart device's word processor open off to my side.* So, with something like a sense of purpose really leading me through this, I begin. *You know, my sobriety is probably the most important thing in my life. I don't say this lightly.* This simple living I've been given is really so much fun... and when I can allow myself a cup of coffee now and then... *just this... This is enough.*

At any rate, I'm really thinking, that I'm going to look at this '**Fountain of Youth**' concept for a while, this morning. It seems like, in my life, once I got through my Hermeticism period, of me trying to live on my own, in the world... it all came down to the inner do odd, and what such a wonder can do for a life like mine. *I think, that through time, certain ones will have come into this 'two or more together,' concept.* It's certainly one thing, to know that 'people need people.' But, being kept in touch with an inner pairing of gender contrast... *this 'opens a doorway,' into a truly unlimited wellspring of creative*

genius. Somewhat like the promise of unlimited clean energy... this *special provision of the spirit realm* has really paved the way, for myself, into a self regenerating renewal of my career, *that has spanned more than twenty five years of my recent life. I can only think that, 'This is.'* ***Those who like the reading, might agree.*** That's not to say, that such a potentiality... such a latency... doesn't occasionally 'come around,' unexpectedly, or encounter associative pain, because it sometimes does. *But, when things work properly, such can be nice.* I do believe, that with a tacit nod to the '***Numberless Aeon,***' of God,

such as this would only be, the door is then opened into concepts, and metaphors, *of even the nuclear medicine category... many many other blessings can be found, as well.* If our solar system is seen as a good model, or template in the universal sense, *then you see, how, 'Keeping within sensible limits of innocence, and honesty, and integrity,' will always be the best plan.* Anyways, I guess that I'll have to see, if the sense of fussiness and breathless tumult that this essay is composed with will stand up next to thorough self examination ... *it should, and it will, I think.* I just sometimes let various precocious mental states kind of set

me at an angle to a time period... you might could have sensed, how my mind was 'working overtime,' as I started into this article, *only later balancing, and smoothing it out into the stability you might see, or feel here.* At any rate, once you've found a real peaceful time in your life, *you'll definitely endeavor to conform to it's precepts.* Such can be anyone's rule. Whatever the matter is, **'Give it to God.'** This almost always goes without saying. Sometimes, I should really put my hands and arms up past the sides of my face, and head... *alternatively just allowing air to circulate around, in general...* if you can't

remember to allow this 'breathing,' around whatever part is affected, *as well as your Sunn salute... you'll feel compressed, and claustrophobic, beneath the heavy, sore, weighted down air trapped around.* **'Give it to God,' and let the fresh air circulate.**

At any rate, you may be one of the ones who have to imagine... imagine how a real cool air stream feels brushing against your face... if a fan is in the room with you, it will feel cooler... *like a cool wend stream...* this is true. Well, that's really all I've been thinking about, lately. Anyways, today is a partly sunny, blustery and balmy day... *perfect for the middle of Spring.* There's a

flood watch in effect, and hopefully this will be a good rain that nourishes the farmer's crops. *But a 'flood watch,' probably suggests that the ground is already saturated... so any rain wouldn't help.* I sit, still gradually progressing this article along, and my main goal, in writing it is for such to be more than ten pages in length. The work is laborious and slow... but it tends to focus my attention, and take my mind off of my troubles. *I think, that the mental exercises at this time in my life are kind of trying to teach me to use a kind of tri axial analysis when looking at these types of migraines... one of the three*

methods will usually work. *See, also, how any mental focus exercise, always should come with an A part and a B part. The A is what it starts like, and the B part is a secondary visualization... what the first way is backed up with... and followed by.*

'This one smart device will work with numerous blue tooth accessories at the same time. I can input text, with my keyboard, and I can listen to earbuds... simultaneously.' *'I may have to imagine keeping my hands and arms upstretched past the sides of my head.'* When this doesn't work, I can try imagining 'fluffing my feathers,' and letting cool air circulate

in the space beneath them. **While seeing the top of the coin, know also that the reverse side is beneath.** You have to grow to always see this dual, and changing nature in everything. Well, if I keep on writing and thinking in such a succinct and concise manner, I'll not be troubled by migraines much any more... **and my way will somewhat reset, like the resetting of the Gregorian calendar each year.** At any rate. I hope that this present time of the year is pleasant for you... and that you'll practice healthy acceptance, and trust. I've learned to trust in God... not man, (*unless he's guided every step by God.*) I think it's

very nice that I've seen how each cognitive aspect will be in process of changing into a secondary aspect, and back again. 'The best thing about the Sunn salute visualization, *is how I get to let the refreshing breezes get under my matted heart hair due...* before I go back into the Sunn salute visualization. I think, that it's as simple as this. **At the same time, this tri axial way isn't always a cinch.** I may have to find another way. *Any winning game has a way of bottoming out in some cases... and we therefore must keep searching, for enterprise solutions.* That is, if one wants to stay in the particular

game. I myself live with some major depression symptoms. So, you should see, that I'm pretty much precluded from ever attempting independent living, again. I'll have to stay with a group home relationship. Or risk wine ding up drinking, and popping pills just to deal with any given day. And that way would lead to probable suicide. *At any rate, I can tell that this article is wine ding down, now, so I'll wrap it up, and add it in with the others.* All for now, Greg.

~

I'm sitting outside, in this cool breezy May evening. Light gray clouds are going by briskly, (but not too briskly) overhead, faintly tinted pink, by some local city lights, against the dark night sky. This is the second Sunday in May this year, and I'm glad to be present and accounted for. I'm getting inside this office and getting in line with the others for my medicine. I'm looking forward to getting these meds and getting back to my apartment. I'm sitting here, after our meeting... with my hands upon this keyboard, getting down appropriate thoughts. Having the tools,

instruments, and software is one thing, this is true, but being in an artistic, literary partnering with higher ascended presences... and knowing how to act, as such... *this makes each day somewhat fun, and the past five years, especially have seen me writing quite prolifically... and I've gotten down numerous books and pamphlets.* I think, that in a time like today, I can figure myself in with the myriad writers and artists who have come before... this, and I'm my own unique voice, as well. I don't think that I would ever want to say, that '*I alone am the artist,*' any more than any other artist or

writer would. When an accident, or unintended event happens, I would not wish to blame myself for such, any more than anyone else would ever wish such a thing. There wouldn't have been anything I could have done one way or another, to anticipate, or control the outcome in any way... such was in another part of the world, anyway, so I certainly couldn't help. *I do sometimes have to absorb losses... (because they happen sometimes,) and move along as well as I am able.* I can give you my condolences... that's all. So, this is why I'm writing in this way. Well, I'll move right along, now, **because I**

didn't intend to dwell in this area of thinking any more than I had to do to deal with it. I'm very grateful that I got over to the supermarket Wednesday to get some important household items... and I just about couldn't be better, in the here and now, *so I certainly haven't anything to complain about.* This apartment has outstanding air conditioning and heat, no water leaks, no infestations. Two meals a day are provided, per my request... and the location is just fine... in a wooded neighborhood, very much like many others near here. Additionally, this place is five minutes away from a shopping district, so

the location is very convenient. Anyways, It's the next day and I'm sitting in our kitchen enjoying the intermittent, bright morning sunn streaming in through our sliding glass doors, and watching the birds coming and going from our feeder. I've seen hermit thrushs, cardinals, purple martins, and too-hees, to name a few. Today is the second Monday in May this year. Today our weather is intermittant sunshine, with a flood watch in effect. We're not predicted to have a fully sunny day until Wednesday. At any rate. I'm enjoying this piano player's performances, and getting written down whatever ideas as

will come. I think, that it's very easy to say, 'Well, I'm older in years, so I'll be better at improvisation than you,' *but this way has to take into account the present work the person is doing.* I mean, some people will be fixed upon doing studio work, and releasing perfect albums... but some, perhaps more advanced souls, might be recording stream of consciousness musings, which don't use limiting or restricting titles, or labels... at all. This has been myself... since about twenty twelve I've been recording just piano improvisational entries, and foregoing titles. This way has allowed me to be much

more prolific, than I might would have otherwise. But, my playing is usually light and sketchy... *This pianist is so very well versed at his journalistic piano playing... he just puts a date on his individual pieces... and his style of playing ranges from exquisitely beautiful to merely amazing.* So, acquiring these contemporary piano recordings has definitely been one of my recent high points. At any rate, this is the fourth article in this part two of this 'INTO THE FUTURE,' audio book. My writing lately has somewhat slowed to a crawl, so I suppose I perhaps should put this composition process on the back

burner, for a while... or at least until ideas emerge, which can give it more depth. At any rate, *I can sit and incrementally progress my thinking, and eventually fill out the space of an article, but this is tedious.* Much of this journal, across the past, has been composed in this way... just a word here, a sentence there... never writing much at any given time. But, I always think of my best writing in this as being like, **'Me frantically striving to get enormous thoughts down on paper before they get away.'** Anyways, some writing sessions will be like this, others will be more like an incremental process, to

be sure. At any rate, writing requires attentiveness, which is to say, *you've got to focus on it, to make it work.* If you're trying to read the television as well, your focus will suffer. So be prepared to give it the necessary attention. At any rate, I'm often reminded of kernels of wisdom that have come through my typist hands in past works. Especially, I often offer quotes from my earliest writings, the 'stream of consciousness' book began in two thousand. One of my favorites is, about how *'Older people get pains, deep aches, which can only be eased by the forgiveness, and intervention of youth.'* **Maybe you'd**

call your Mother, if you knew she'd like to hear from you. I know that I'm quite happy being around my younger house mate. You'd think that I would like listening to older people's music, but most of my collection which I'm most interested in *are musics done by younger people.* **So my music doesn't always have to be from older and wiser wizards... I see so much from within younger visions.** At any rate. Just some thoughts. I'm glad to get these ideas on paper now, and will add them in with the others. Here's an idea: I've seen how, 'You're not the only one who feels insecure. On the inside, we all seem to

balance precariously on the edge of an abyss. *So, don't let your uncertainty consume your consciousness... make sure you make your intentions clear... don't project your fears and self doubts onto those about you.'* **'Remember the power of prayer... your spirit's your advocate, and wants to bridge and forgive the perceived deficit.'** *Sometimes, my words of advice for others, are only meant for myself.* Our outside weather has gotten dark, and we might get a thundershower. Perfect spring weather, I guess. At any rate, these ideas appear to be winding down, now, so I'll wrap them up, and add

them in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

Today is the second Wednesday in May, this year, and I sit enjoying the lively conversation, while I await my getting morning meds, and on my way. Today is expected to be our first full sunny day in a week or more, so we're looking forward to the warmth and gladness, which such can bring. Even though this is true, I think that the forecaster is talking about bad weather brewing in the middle west, and south. *Our sunlight is nice while it lasts though.*

If I don't have to go on the van, today, I'll be free to get things done which I want to do, earlier. At any rate, I've got tools, instruments, and media for getting things done. We here were thinking, somewhat, about the condition the world's in these days. I thought extensively about how, when a person, or a song, or a corporation, or a nation, or even an animal, or organism is dealt a 'handicap,' or is administered a controlled amount of a particular venom, for instance, in a clinical setting, where meticulous records are kept, and conditions are somewhat controlled, *the organism's resistance to the venom is*

enhanced, by a controlled administration of the same venom. Any kind of handicap, for instance, will make an animal, or person adopt adaptive strategies. So many of the world's greatest pianists, for instance, are blind. A person like Stephen Hawking, so bent and crippled, still is seen as an emblem of triumph, and scientific enlightenment, and was given high honors... *so a crippling, or disfiguring disability can suffice to make us stronger.* The Jewish people, the main subjects of the Holy Bible, whose concerns God held so closely, were dealt Nazism, and although many perished, *they returned, in force*

throughout the twentieth century, despite the genocide, and I think were made stronger for it. It's just true, when you limit or handicap an organism, or person, or animal, they are indirectly made so much stronger. Just look at my life, for example... despite having been dealt a time with schizophrenia at a young age, twenty three, and having two serious suicide attempts around the end of my twenties, I've been so very prolific... my setbacks became my life testimony and I've written an enormous set of writings in a relatively short time. I'm past my prime, perhaps, but still determined not to let the blows of my

late twenties hold me back, or ruin my life... *I've kept up such an outstanding work ethic.* Here's another example... military service, for instance... when a young man is toughened and regimented in this way, *they often become high achievers... and many of the worlds leaders came from military backgrounds.* Another thing, which can supercharge a life, is prison time. Many ex convicts developed strong life testimony, and simply, recognizing the enormous value contained in any given day, in a free nation, *have become prolific authors, or musicians.* Prison time changes a person, not always

for the better, *but some people turn it around, and make it into stronger faith, and testimony than anything they had previously.* **If a person is dealt lemons, in life, they'll make a lot of lemonade.** *I know, that I have done so in my years. I know that I was given a somewhat disfiguring handicap, and then placed in a clinical environment, and I think it was partly that which made me stronger, for it.* At any rate, you get the idea. One's life and times might have practically been a 'psychotic episode,' for a while, in his or her twenties, *but once he figures out how to live with the handicap, he will be much*

stronger, from then on. Anyways, these are just some ideas. We're made better by adversity. 'What doesn't kill us, makes us stronger.' At any rate, I'm getting these ideas down, for inclusion in the fifth article, in this second part of this 'INTO THE FUTURE,' audio book. Sitting here, this afternoon, I've pondered over just what is on my deep mind, right now. Often, I'll feel like I just want to vegetate, and listen to my music jukebox. Of course, I want to be productive, and get some things done, as well... *I've got this writing, coming along, true, but I've also got some ideas for ball point sketchings. Thirdly, I feel like I*

could get some piano playing recorded, and that would be good as well. But I might just sit, and vegetate. I finally figured it out... I've simply acquired some incredibly important music, recently, and I want to listen and grasp just how my jukebox works, now, *with these added artistic genius' work, included.* This last thing is important, I think, because these are shows, and recordings that I've been waiting for a long time to finally acquire, *and get my copies of in my world music archives.* I know also that I have a mental illness, and that my sobriety is of a large importance to myself. *Still, 'finding the*

*others,' and locating important artistic genius is very important to me... such makes my world go around, just like gravity, and inertia. Musical and artistic visions are also important forces in my life, and I can accept and acknowledge this. I can enjoy them, too, since most of my symptoms are in check, right now, and I've been doing very well. ***I'm in the black, so to speak, as well, because I've finished two full length audiobooks already this year.*** So, knowing that these are going out to curious and interested readers means a lot. More than one hundred copies of the 'Animism wisdom of the Ancients'*

audiobook have gone forth into the world, already. *I'd say, that's pretty good for a project that large.* So, I'm feeling real contentment, and happiness, *because my goals are so well met.* So, these reasons are why I think I can just vegetate, and let this jukebox spin, for a while... and these thoughts, presently, are of course going into my latest books part two... having this article, and getting such integrated with the others, *I think will finish the audiobook chapter two.* So, I can understand and have compassion for myself, if I try. If you think about it, a small dose of linguistic pessimism is part of what makes the world

go round... but if you think some more, you might see it's not really that bad, in actuality. **Because it's just talk.** *People always talk.* But, there are reasons for the pleasant, mellow moods, today, and I can easily forgive them. Just remember, how, to quote someone else, *'There might not be bigger things than yourself, that control the path you take.'* Can we not trust our instincts, for instance, when it comes to having what it takes already to get from point A to point B, into the foreseeable future? *Can't I just rest, and enjoy my coming weekend... down the hill, somewhat, into a new climb. There's*

*something very healthy and natural about
pess uh misim.* Well, these have just been
some thoughts. I'm glad to have gotten
them down, in this journal, and will be
grateful to send along this new audiobook
chapter. All for now, Greg.

~

I've got a few minutes before a store trip,
this morning, and I thought I'd write a few
words, in conclusion of my latest part two
of this audiobook. I hope that you can see,
the basic philosophy which guides me... I
write, but such is intended to be for the

sake of entertainment... and, mainly, I try and stay out of trouble areas. There's nothing so bad, as having to go behind yourself because you've gotten too far to the right or left, and I learned long ago that this type of ambient piano is so high up, in the scheme of things you can do on any given morning, that I have to make sure I mind my manners peevishly. I can easily imagine myself getting criticised for most any personal opinion... although, no one's ever criticised me openly, I'm neurotic and I like the sunny side of the street so much, I don't want to ever loose sight of it. So, you see how I feel about getting politically

critical or opinionated. I stay on the sidewalk to the exclusion of getting opinionated. At any rate, I live with others who have taken setbacks so much that they have to have assistance... it just goes to show you societal differences... *there's saying just what you feel... and then there's being careful about what you say.*

The latter's I guess the down side of the coin, *and that's where I stay, for the most part.* I guess, that if my feelings, or opinions were so strong that I was given to speaking of them in my art, it would be in the other direction... about how I watch what I say, and do. I guess that this is the

perspective of the archetypal 'wounded hero,' *who has been hurt, and purified by the fires of Hades, and who has emerged triumphant, but shaken.* I'll always be in a place like this, having been through the agitated condition for six years, and felt the extreme loneliness of feeling like one's soul has been revoked... *very few people would understand this kind of perspective, outside of the mental health care system.* I'm too wounded to exercise my full rights and liberties, such as the freedom of speech. But freedom comes up in other ways, especially in light of my tendency to use provocative or suggestive imagery in

my visual art, or my sketching. *It's very nice to know, that I can't be imprisoned for my graphic art... and feel like this is the right place for me, for that reason.* The critics of the government say that we're entering an authoritarian period, and that's just not good, because unless you hold the same views as those in charge, you can be harassed... investigated, and interrogated, and held up in numberless ways... and that this is already happening. *I do indeed have a mind that appreciates the theoretical purity of our democratic ideals, and strives for them, but I had had the hard times of addiction, and mental illness.* It's kind of

tricky when your own mind appears to be your own worst enemy. This is the mental illness perspective. Someone said, how, **'The only game you can't beat is the game within your own self.'** It's easy to see the right values for me today, on the healthy side of life... but back when I was nineteen or twenty, my substance use issues were too deeply set... and I thought that, *'I'm in pain, aren't I?' 'Shouldn't I take something for it?'* Only this meant cough syrup, and ephedrine stimulant pills, and alcohol and narcotics when I could get them. My mind had to be saved from the materialist paradigm, and spiritualised into

a life based in truth and honesty. I was just a thing in pain, for about ten years. *And I would take anything, and would then wonder why I hurt worse.* But, the Good Lord worked His way, and the darkness and dirty muddy water gradually returned to translucence and clarity. I'll always stay on the sidewalk, so to speak, so I don't find myself in a world of hurt, and pain.

These days the sidewalk isn't even safe. At any rate, if these are the thoughts running through the corridors of my mind, I might should write them down. I've learned not to take the thoughts of the good Angels who accompany ourselves through life for

granted... they're meant for you alone to receive and keep. But, when I see a page of illumined writings, and when I'm moved profoundly by the mere reading of them, *I think of how God might could use me to reach the minds of people who crave truth, and who seek after words of truth.* I think that it's the most amazing thing, to live in a country where the nation's Bill of Rights is so revered as it is in our country. If a thing is contrary to. our Bill of Rights, or tends to ignore, or for go such, it will be highly unpopular, as a rule. *This is the strength of our time, in the west and it appears to be healthy and well.* Anyways, these have

been just a few thoughts. Well, having had a productive weekend, already, and gotten a new short art video put together, and on to the internet, I should be able to just sit back, and get some rest. So, I'll think about wrapping this writing up, and adding it in with the others, to finish part two, now. All for now, Have a good new week. Greg.

~

PONDERING ABOUT THE BEST WAY TO START a new set of writings, I'm thinking that jazzy and light are the ways

to be. I know that I don't wish to get preachy, but should just emphasize positive values... *such as the importance of finding purpose, and meaning in our lives... without these, I mean, you're done for.* Of course, the Buddhists speak of the Eight fold way, by which we can stay in the right. The Christians caution us against the Seven deadly sins. *Both what we should do, as well as what we shouldn't do.* **The power of Spirit's word is irreplaceable... wealth and opulence tend to dilute the power of this, this Word.** (Which should probably be capitalized.) If I don't save my work, by clicking 'save as,' and giving it a file

name, it will likely disappear, lost to time. Another thing about Spirit's Word is the way in how, *most people share in the same thing, verbally, conversationally, such as their 'highly regarded voice,' their views, and testimony.* ***Their good honest accounting.*** Such generally is somewhat the basis of the respect they're shown, *their good or bad influence in the world, such as that.* I believe we should help those who are less fortunate than ourselves... *and let God's discernment lead us in this.* This is so important. At any rate, some of these thoughts are in my mind presently. If I deal with bad migraines, I might had better

do yoga stretch visualizations. *The devil tries to steal, lie, and cheat us out of what is ours... did they not tell you about that?* It would be bad, if the devil was more organized, and equipped, and together than you are! And, that's a good question, so you should practice thrift, *and don't waste time about getting in touch with your Higher power's will for yourself.* **We all have guardian Spirits... do you know yours?** At any rate, I'm trying to start some thinking for a beginning on my new Part 3. *Jazz will be like a slow start, that builds on itself, selectively appending the past.* Jazz might be inclined to keep it light

and breezy, and avoid preaching, or speaking of what it doesn't know of. What is your strong suite, in your life? If Spirit has blessed you with a talent... you want to give back of yourself... you just wouldn't ever want any additional suffering, *or the path would quickly be put away.* But if there's so much good work which can be found, by using stream of consciousness writing music and poetry, **to find out what is in the human heart... mind, soul, and human spirit... These might be all we really have, to show us the way... through learning and garnering experience we can eventually come to**

understanding of such. At least you'll have a bookshelf of writings to show for the time. What else might could be written of in part three? *The natural world springs to my mind. I think that, at our age, middle fifties, we're dealing with nature more, than anything else.* I think that the recent storms killed thirty or forty people last Friday night. Then on Sunday, a new system spawned many tornados... and this system is still affecting us today, which is Tuesday. The news outlets aren't even talking about lives lost, or property damage that's been done... they are just keeping people informed about current weather...

the ever changing situation. *This, which we deal with this week may be the worst we deal with all year... already.* We're worried about these 'perfect storms,' as these seem to be a total nightmare for those affected. But storms have always been 'perfect devils,' for those affected. This is nothing new. Today's times aren't special... except I think maybe in our information society... medicine has powerful drugs, too... *there's nothing that's much ever been deadlier than fentanyl.* At any rate, these are some thoughts, this third Tuesday in May, this year. I'm not at a lack for good ideas, this morning. If you're reading this, you're

probably on a similar path to myself, so you should probably get your writing or sketching materials out, and get busy. *Wouldn't that be an option you would choose?* It might would be, if you knew the good you could find, therein. I would just ask, couldn't we imagine our way to mental health, *through seeing ourselves putting our hands and arms up past the sides of our face and head...* and, as in a sunn salute, *allowing the pressure on the sides of our head, to blend away, and dissipate?* This way works better than anything else, for migraines, that I've found. **Just reach your hands and arms**

up stretched past the sides of your head... and firmly press your arms against the sides of your head. *Imagine yourself pressing the wrinkles out.*

Anyways, some of us may not have really cog nized, about some of the weather, how hazardous it is... *until we read or find out the actual costs of these cyclones... lives lost, and property... heirlooms... completely obliterated.* It's impressed me pretty bad, lately. *But it will pass, and there'll be a good day or two, with no worries, we'll call this our weekend... or it will be something else.* But every one gets some relaxing and recreation every once in a

while... *usually once a week*. This is 'when the eagle flies.' At any rate. We may get to where any time without weather worries is our weekend time. *Hopefully we keep from getting too concerned about things which we've got no control over*. This includes most everything... except our own persons. (I guess it will be more pivotal to ourselves how our own actions reflect.) You might will have seen how we should be... *sometimes have to be... tolerant, no matter the evil...* if you ever have to see a tornado, in person, you'll know how bad they are then, for sure. I've heard that they're scary. At any rate, we go to bi monthly meetings,

and we all have to see our team, then we'll get back home. I'm writing to pass the time, while we wait... trying to work, or study as opportunities are presented. I wouldn't want to let my own excessive worry time affect my writing, when there's nothing I could do to change it one way or the other. Worrying won't help it. *You'll just have to have a safe shelter plan in place.* At any rate I'll keep writing in this, until I have ten or twelve pages... I'll stop and see how far yet to go. Returning to my word processor, I'm impressed with, after years of spiritual walking, in all mental weather, how important it can really be to

have a 'home base,' visualization... a meditation which it appears that the other meditations go along with... *such for myself, is definitely the sunn salute...* it's easy to pair such with the visualization about easing the pain of eye lash follicle inflammation, and plain old tenderness, of this follicle tissue, by focusing my awareness. I think that this is at the root of much of the pain that people experience, *and it gets magnified, and amplified out of proportion, into just major living pains.* All from this tender eye lash follicle inflammation. It helps me, also to think of how, elephants have eyes on the sides of

their head... *not in the front*. Do you think that something like this might be the source of the lateral pain and pressure, on the sides of our heads, which some feel daily? *At any rate, if this is so, this could be the origin of the figmentary life troubles which do sometimes trouble me.* Such as this might would be considered a serious condition... especially when you think about the trouble you might could have saved yourself entirely, *if the sides of your head just weren't throbbing, like that.* Maybe, if you felt good, instead, the outcome would have been different. Maybe you can see this figmentary pain as

the necessary pains of growth, and change... *but, I for one would relieve myself of such pain... any pain... if I could do it painlessly... holistically... with the right meditation practice.* Anyways, just some thoughts. I hope you have a healthy and happy middle week time down hill, and keep optimistic. Well, at any rate, these words are coming to their conclusion, now, so I'll wrap them up, and add them in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

~

Sitting down, to collect a few thoughts, and

just see what is in my mind this morning...
indeed, I'm relieved when my distracted studies lead me, eventually, back to my word processor. I've listened to the recent audio books, and this one, and, I can say, there's been some good ideas, through the last year. *I was fairly contented to hear the good thinking, which prevails most of the time, in this.* I've got about an hour, before I've got to get over to our office for my morning medicine, and maybe a bite to eat, to put in our microwave oven. Our day is beautiful, with brilliant sunlight streaming in, from the east, behind our apartment. There's no wind, or signs of any changing,

so I'm going to look for a hot day, to stay inside, and keep cool. My main objective, other than this writing, will probably be to get some piano playing done, soon, but right now, I'm listening to the work of others. This could go on, for a while, but I'm just glad I've got some ability to focus on a set task, like getting this writing down, and feeling good about it, or hammering some piano out, into the recording device. While I'm sitting here, in between ideas, I'm remembering a video I saw on the internet this morning, about a shelter cat, that was slow in coming around to their new lady, but who did, eventually,

on his own cat schedule. It just took him a while to warm up to his new owner, and then, he was inseparable. I'm thinking this, and I'm thinking, I'm like a cat, with a good new owner, and I've warmed up to them, and don't want to leave. It's only natural, and ordinary... I'm very shy of change. I'm no superman. *I've no wealth or independent means, and I'm glad I understand this about myself. I'd better make do with what I've got.* As I sit here, I'm thinking of how, toward the end of my part two, of this audio book, my ideas got somewhat thin... I tell myself I'd better keep my mind on this writing, or nothing at

all, which is part of what the problem is... my mind wanders, and having a focus, such as this essay going is all I need, for purpose and meaning in my life, and this relationship with a good group home family *keeps me from losing my sanity, like a lost ship at sea.* An apartment is a forboding, alien expanse, *with out the regular ties to life structure, such as our meetings, and meals, and medicine.* At any rate, I'm glad that I've gotten this new writing somewhat initiated, as this will definitely give me something to be around this day. My meeting's in thirty minutes, so I'll somewhat get this to a stopping

point. *I've found my new venture, and can rest in it.* There are other recent pieces, which I can rest in... as I've done another successful composite ballpoint illustration, and put together a nice portable document featuring all of the similar composite pieces... so, I'm somewhat just glad for these wins, and thinking I should glide for a while. It's just that I can get writing coming along without any difficulty at all... *this would really be better than sitting on my hands.* I'm thankful mainly for this beautiful weather... these sunny days this week are appreciated. I'm thinking that I've really found something... in the new

artists category... this person who's simply sending out so many great ideas, and so many approaches to the piano. *My challenge is going to be to glean, and learn from this person.* Especially, I previously didn't, or couldn't see the prevalence, in this time period, of such richly textured, and nuanced, and melancholic moods, at most any time, these days. *But the sound of nothing... and of this silence, behind this music... is beautiful, and strange, and nuanced, and melancholic, and at the same time triumphant.* Most any real non doing, is comprised of myriads of shades of gray. *Now I can see, so much more, in the now.*

Well, I sit on this bed, inputting these thoughts, here in this time before I have to get to the office for my lunch, and medicines. Some of these literary goals, such as making writing like this to be graceful, and simple enough to be understood, on a first time read through, required many failures and false starts to get right. I can usually say precisely what my heart wants to say. *I've just got to have enough faith and belief in myself, to hammer at a thing, for a few tries, to get it right.* In other words, I've learned not to doubt the power of Spirit's Word. She can make a thing make sense, even if it's hard

to say. Just knowing her capabilities, I think, is a sense of having the power, and being empowered for any good thing. At any rate, we're having sunny weather, today and tomorrow, but Saturday is a return of clouds and rain for a few days. What's on my mind, then, this afternoon? Well, I'm thinking about how wrong it is sometimes to reference externally to oneself, when writing, so, I'm going to trim and snip, and try and get this to where it's workable. It's also interesting how easy it is, lately, to do this referencing out beyond myself, *and so this is kind of tripping me up*. Of course, my benefits, and best work, *usually are in*

the clarity and conciseness of my words.

I've been very blessed and graced for at least ten years, with a strong writer's voice, which accomplishes what it sets out to do... if I'm speaking of science, then it's that... or the art of writing, then it's that... *if it's my audiophile listening hobby, then it's that.* I was amazed, yesterday, how well the first article in part three came together, and flowed in after part two. Hopefully, after I've written a little bit in this piece, it will be of sufficient length to add after the first article. I really don't know why I'm bogging down, like I am today, I think, it's just the work needs to stay focused on me,

myself, and not reference externally. But, then, too, *my mind sometimes gets inflated, and I act paranoid delusional, and get critical of myself.* So, part of staying on my own ground, *is in keeping from blaming myself, for things I have no control or say over, at all.* That would be paranoid delusional. That's a symptom of being under too much stress, and of letting my depression weigh me down. So, when bad weather is relentless, *like it always gets in the springtime, at a certain time, I start feeling the strain, more, and I will speak of how weather is bothering me.* That's how you'll know, then... *you'll have some idea*

of what I'm dealing with. But, at any rate. I'm just glad when my appliances, and devices are working normally... and so I can finish an article like this, and make it work... and so, don't worry about me. I know how to make it work. It's just that we've all seen some bad fails, this is true. When a bad fail gets reported, on my radio, or television, it's like, for myself, *'I didn't see that coming!'* or, *'I sure wasn't expecting to see something like that!'* *'That was completely out of the blue!'* But, this is the season of the shirt pocket supercomputer. *You sometimes see how people just get distracted.* There might be

too much information on some people's mind. So, here it is - *'Please, Good Mother Nature, continue to pray for us, while we bring up more youth generations who are more enlightened and in the know than people have been before in this epoch.'* We're hoping people who've adapted to smart devices early in their lives, are better at managing the stress of knowing so much. *We're just beginning to see young men and women, who were in on this technology from the cradle.* You might remember the previous book which said, how the *'world time stream, is the new way people measure time...'* The importance of

information security? It's very important, whether it's mundane information, or more complex... *it has to stay secure*. I've tried to search the search engine for any clues about my Great Grandparents, who passed away in nineteen seventy five, or six... they made no digital records, there's almost nothing there. There are a few companies, though, who specialize in geneology, and in keeping up with family records, in general. Someone or another told me she found out a lot about some of our Great Grandparents history in one online company. So, I guess such information is there, in digitized form, if you are willing to pay for the

information. But all I've got now, is my own families digitized portraits, and records, made by my family members, and myself. I have a lot of digitized family pictures, scanned from our albums, but not all of my Moms albums have been scanned... *I've only got pictures of people who we visited, and saw... who I would know.* And, then my parents, and sisters and cousins and uncles and aunt's digital pictures, made since digital cameras were ubiquitous with record keeping... only in the past thirty years or so. *Not even that long, but less time than that.* But, at any rate, I can sense that these words are

starting to come to their eventual resolution. I'll wrap this article up, and add it in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

~

A friend of mine, from my high school years, came across something really unusual, recently, and she shared about it online. I'll try and explain what she found. On May 20th, two thousand and twenty five, there begins a series of ten days, in which the calendar date reads the same backwards and forwards. This isn't going

to read right with the text reading software, but, I'll break it down anyway. 5-20-25 reads the same backwards as it does forwards. This seems to be a bit of magic produced by the pairing of 52, at the start of the series, and 25, for the year at the end. The day of the month second number goes from zero up to nine, and this completes a series of ten sets of five numbers, *yes ten days in which the date reads the same backwards as forwards. Isn't that amazing?* So, this has set my imagination running, and I thought, and realized... I must make a record of this anomaly, in my writings, and save it for my

memories, in the future. I just think that this is a novel thing. I don't think it's the end of the world, because, if you're like me, you're really having fun these days, *and something like this, makes it doubly fun... no one would wish to jeopardise the game now.* No one. Especially, when we can read about the ten day palindrome week on our shirt pocket supercomputers! And have a seamless jitter free experience, with all the bugs worked out of the internet browsing, *and our devices so refined, that there are almost no errors, whatsoever.* At any rate, I've never seen anything like this before. I wonder if this is privileged

knowledge, or if everyone has always been in on it, and just kept it to themselves... *and with only a few who speak of it, like lone proselytizers, carrying a burden of numerological, or rather trivial significance?*

Well, this note will, hopefully start the third article, in the third chapter, of my 'INTO THE FUTURE,' audio book. I'll get back to adding more into this '*adventure diary*,' after I've gotten some sleep. I'm tired. Have a good evening.

Well, sitting down the next morning, I'm writing these words, while imagining my sunn salute... *hands and arms stretched up past the sides of my neck, and head, toward*

the heavens. Having somewhat found this visualization to be the virtual answer to my life's problems, *I'm considering the benevolence of Spirit's mercies, which seem to have 'saved the best for last.'* It's just amazing how that this works out in some cases... and, I'm thankful to be in on such a marvel. At any rate, just some thoughts. *Between my medium is tic familiar and myself, it does appear, that we can solve most of the literary puzzles, that arise in writing this journal.* In any given line of text, there will be found it's forthcoming core L airy, or antecedent language. I think that this way says it, in

one sense, *but in another sense, our spiritual lives are found to consist in a 'series of goals,' with 'hazards and obstacles,' which play into the lives of grown ups.* I think that both of these ways of seeing are good. We're always looking to reveal in language the unmanifest of any given thing, but, some will tell you that, **life's futures, are written out already, in the 'lessons of history,' if we just know how to interpret these records.** *'He who knows and understands the past, controls the future.'* I think, that this is where my parents were most insightful, was in procuring for my young self, around age

six or seven, three complete twentieth century encyclopedia sets... *two World Book sets, and a young persons science encyclopedia set.* Additionally, our extensive National Geographic magazine collection stayed on the shelves of my parent's den. My Dad subscribed to this magazine, for us, adding each new issue to the accumulated collection proffered from Dad's parents, mainly for we kids to familiarize ourselves with history and science, and nature. *'He who knows and understands the past, controls the future.'* In a 'perfect world,' *wouldn't this be both a good thing and a bad thing?* Or would the

'perfect world,' *consist in only good days, un distorted by the evils of men's insanity?*

I mean, we were encouraged to watch the morning news magazines, on television every morning... *I appreciated the perspective such afforded me... but such never tried to crawl in through the window onto us...* I never felt personally impacted by world events, until, and only until, I had put my own best work forth, into a world community of readers, on the world wide web. Ever since then, (which was for me, the year two thousand,) I've only reluctantly looked at what happens each day, *because in addition to the good,*

there's the bad, and the sick. It always hurts to see anyone getting mentally sick when my work is 'online,' as it's been. So, your internet publishing always seems to build in yourself ever more sense of social responsibility, and conscience. At least this is how things go ideally. *But, life's just like how things go in any mentally challenging times, there will be those who didn't get help, when they should have, like you did.* You know, when you asked someone for assistance, or for help, or perspective in understanding something that was too difficult. Some guys just want to be alone with their thoughts, and this

was my own trouble, *and I had to learn to seek perspective on my life from those around me.* This can be the work of the mental health care system, and it makes a really big difference, in some people's lives. **Like a shift from alcoholism, and drug habituation into wellness.** But, of course, people have pain in their lives... this is why they drink, and take pills in the first place... *so the cycle of addiction kills most people that it grips... very few find a cessation, or cure for their pain.* But, such nevertheless can happen... *when you start basing your life around honesty and truth, rather than childish sneaking, I think that*

eventually, the good out measures the bad, in a person's life. This happened to me, kind of beginning with psychic automatism, in which nearly complete poems started coming through my hand, moving the pen by power unseen. *"This was my window into purpose and meaning," and hinted at a guiding intellect behind my life, this automatic writing.* Spirit's higher purposes began to be served, by myself, and such eventually brought me around. It's always good to retell this story, because we should remember that 'Jesus is still saving souls.' Why is such a warm and tender name, so often scoffed at

by worldly interests? By worldly concerns? I'll always be reluctant in some ways to use the name, in real life. *It's so tender.* Life is so hard, that it appears, **'only the strong survive.'** But, if you ever are among the survivors, he or she can show Himself to you. I think it also has to do with this notion of how, **with enough voltage, and wattage, we can 'rouse the dead.'** The only simile that suffices, or approaches this concept is that of 'Guardian Angel,' *someone who tenderly has your best interests in mind, at all times.* But, it's good to remember the tenderness of the heavenly fold... because, it's what people

go home unto... *even the dirtiest of sinner,*
will have a guardian spirit who receives
him or her to the afterlife. Anyways, it's
difficult to focus on such gentile things,
when one is in a time of exertion, and of
earning, through toil and attentiveness, the
worth of a blessed book, or chapter, or
album. But, we sure can. At any rate, these
are a few of the ideas which come my way
this morning. I'll wrap these ideas up, and
add them in with the others. All for now,
Greg.

~

Starting in with some new ideas, this morning, we've got good prospects for a good, rainy, partly sunny day today. It's very good to be in a good part of the world, and to have no worries... *but of course, we pray that good people will help with storm cleanup.* Of course weather is happening even now in our area and elsewhere. Our temperatures are unseasonably cool, with this potential rain and storm moving across. Especially the Southern Plains are getting too much rain, and they're already at flood stage. Well get some rain, too, later this afternoon. I've gotten my blue tooth keyboard out, and paired it with my phone,

so that I can write these ideas easier. It's so good, in the cool morning, *when you have ideas, and can get them right into your work.* I notice, in through here, that there's almost a nausea in my eyelash follicle tenderness this morning. *This must be the trouble of the time, I'm given.* If I can all leave E ate such with the right meditation focus, I'll definitely do so. At any rate, I was thinking about, how, for us, here, Sunday is a day of rest. ***But for those whose homes were obliterated in last weeks weather, there's no home to rest in.*** I would imagine that there's no end to the clean up work, for many of those people.

If you've got a health obstacle, like a back pains issue, then you might would be handicapped... *you would have to take it slower, trust the E M A... or, else hire professionals to take care of it. But who has savings, with inflation the way it is?* I know that most people have to have homeowners insurance, **but much of your clean up, you would have to do yourself.** There's a principle, I've found in life, which goes something like, **'If you have to do a thing, due to life circumstances, then you definitely will do it... when, and only if.'** Most people enjoy, and keep up their independent living, their independent

life style. But, someone like myself, who has been in group home living for a long time, is somewhat in on what having hard luck feels like. Many people don't ever learn of this way until they find themselves in a nursing home, in their old age. They take great pains to keep their independent lives and establishments up... *and never have to learn about loss of freedoms, until late in their lives.* Their inner spirit keeps their lifestyle up for them, and they don't stop to think about it. Many people never think too deeply about the invalids, the handicapped, and the challenged... *but, instead, their lives are kept 'in the arms of*

an angel.' **Isn't my own life is kept 'in the arms of an angel?'** Yes, overwhelmingly in the affirmative. If you ever have to go in a nursing home, or surrender some of your liberties, you'll be kept even closer then... and you might just find that some of your greatest friendships come when you're assigned a roommate, and when you're placed in a group of people, who you yourself didn't choose. **You'll appreciate your liberties more, when they're metered out to you.** I promise. Once you get past your need to placate and feed your substance use issues, you'll gradually learn to only love the

tender loving care, afforded by health care professionals. **'If you have to do a thing,' I would tell you, 'you will do it.'** *Hopefully, not until.* At any rate, this line of thinking started when I thought about those who are less fortunate, *especially, those whose homes and lives were disrupted by the recent bad weather.* You would take care of a challenge like that, if you were placed in a circumstance in which you had to. Not until. At any rate, this article is just getting along down the page. But, I've got to get over to our office to get my morning medicines. So, I'll have to find a stopping place. I'm sitting in this

cool morning air, somewhat waiting for our group's medicine line to get shorter, before I go inside the dining area. It's nice listening to the birds, and a dog barking from across the neighborhood. *It's easy to criticize our society when you're somewhat outside of it.* I used to really enjoy my normal routine, my job and other areas of my life, like my banking and taxes, I took for granted, and took care of myself for some happy, fun years. But they were alcoholic years. Now, all I use is coffee and tea. Professional people take care of everything else that's required, for me. **So man, be conscious of what you have. I**

have a spirit that keeps up writing, music and art for myself. I'm endlessly grateful, but I remember some of what I had before, as well. *But the books I've written, and piano albums, are, in truth, more real than anything that was in that old lifestyle.* Except for the illustrations I made to go in reports at my lab job. And, I unloaded a lot of trucks of groceries at my night stocking job. **That's pretty real, too.** Even now, there's a whole lot that I take for granted. There's never been any serious issue at any of the homes where I've ever lived. *No bad weather destruction, no crime, no corruption that wasn't solved with a*

reprimand and a word of instruction. At any rate. I'm very blessed, and grateful. So, you can see, how this is a conscious life we're challenged to have, and keep... how, if we had to go to Heaven tomorrow, we'd maybe see... things might not be what they appear to be on the surface. There's no more coffee, or nicotine for my hand-mouth fixation. It's a thing of the past. But, there's a New Heaven, and a New Earth to get acquainted with! Oh, life has tried to make me jaded, and tired of the inner blessings of any good bright morning... but, I can see, now, in the quiet and serenity of a lovely Sunday morning...

they're just precious. There will be readers, and other family, who make me feel like my thoughts are important, and meaningful. And I'll try to take them for granted. *But I won't do it... I'll remember.* Well, this has been some thinkings. I'll wrap this article up, and add it in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

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I thought I would add a bit more thinking on to the last of this INTO THE FUTURE, part three. This beginning will comprise

the fifth essay, in this part three. Our outdoor temperatures are hot and humid, and we're cautioned about the risk of bad weather today, coming from out of the south and west. *But, I'm expecting a continuation of the recent natures we've been seeing for a while.* Today's the fourth and last Monday of this month. I've often thought, how doing stream of consciousness art, music, and poetry can be instrumental in understanding the human heart, mind, and spirit. Does this make any sense? Can we resource the presences around and within ourselves, basically accessing the deep wellspring of local

animate intelligence, in the crafting of an art of conscience? This itself is a good question. *This will be an issue, when men's wild natures get caught between desire, consequence, and circumstance.* **The mediumistic writer's concerns become 'topics for gossip.'** At any rate, I would ask, *'can we tap into such creative principle, without losing control, or getting hurt?'* Is the value of good work, like the spiritually conscious art, worth the trouble? If an artist is in possession of this inherent duality, won't his or her worth be decided, be measured, by either his works' quality, or abundance? *Or both? Or*

something else? At least that's my question. It's gotten very hot sitting in this direct morning sunn. I'll get indoors, and write sitting on my bed. When you're inwardly accessing presences out past yourself... *you really have to be discerning.* If there's one thing, that an spiritual writer, or mediumistic poet or artist knows, *it's the necessity, and requirement for an inner guide.* We have to remember, that a successful writer will be something more than himself alone. I believe that we can have a trusted, mediumistic familiar who takes our hand, in much the same way, that a family guide would, I think, leed a

departed soul, into and through the afterlife. *I think that the same concept is operant. It's just true, that when I had a serious self injury twenty two years ago, I for the most purposes, died to this world.* I somewhat had gotten cornered, into being on the receiving end, for some of life's troubles. At the end of my rope, in September of two thousand and three, I tried to end it all. It all but worked. *I became guided, into the world to come by a guide, who I trusted, and still trust, to this day.* I don't exactly mean, that I floated out of my body, and went up to Heaven... but my experience was somewhat similar. I

was given insight into deep secrets, such as what it's like to be guided... and to know carefully the difference between good and bad. I began to see, that my writing was guided in this way, as like a ghost in Heaven, and I had a good measure of the ascended insight and understanding into many truly secret matters, and God's will in my life. *His will for me, I gathered, was to become closely shown to me, thereafter.* Because, gradually, I grew to walk in more or less complete unison with some benevolent departed family members. *(However you may feel about the Afterlife,)* While I still made mistakes, I became more

or less guided closely by the good, benevolent spirits. You've seen these guide's work in my life... in the form of my guided writing, music and stream of consciousness art, in general, going back numerous years into my past. So, you've seen the Good Lord's work in my life... though I might not proclaim it from the rooftops. See, you should see that not all of one's family members, are related biologically to the person- *Some will be related by marriage only.* This is what I think can be the work of a trusted familiar... this guidance work, which is shown to one's writing, or music, or art, by

a trusted familiar... someone, who works mainly as a functionary to help you always make the right artistic choices, in your life.

So, we're not just haphazardly courting chaos, or discord in this type of thing- We're not anarchist either. We're enlightened sojourners, into a kind of family heritage... **We're builders of a legacy.** If I am walking with my Higher Power, then this will be true. At any rate, I sit on this bed writing this, in the afternoon, and am getting some clothes washing done. I'll be glad to get this fifth new article in my third and latest part of this new audio book. *This will suffice to*

fill out the length of this new chapter, so that it will be more comparable to the other two. I hope that you can see, that the good ideas herein are surely given for the best results of this new book. I'll be glad to hear the audio book version played back... this writing process is progressing well, also, and these are just the latest ideas. ***At any rate, ideas such as this go into this new project.*** Today's Memorial day, and we honor those lost on the battlefield. This is a special acknowledging, and mention of such. I've just been appreciating our values, the good place of our Bill of Rights in our society, and our liberties. I

somewhat feel that getting my latest audio book shown in a new directory, yesterday afternoon, was a good idea. This might just reach a few new listeners, *who might will benefit from a new perspective on the same thing.* At any rate, I think that I can glean insight into the writing of new work, such as this... *mainly if I can somewhat grasp onto the flow of time, and garner new insights into the future through this.* We'll probably have gleaned some of the smoothness of the flow, through this book... we'll find our place and station in this world. At any rate, this writing is coming along well, now... and I'm glad to

somewhat have the words within myself to say, to speak to this time. *I hope that I can be the outstretched hand you need.* Sitting after supper watching the birds through the sliding glass door, I can say that I've somewhat regained some sense of dignity, and grace, since getting free of a difficult living arrangement... which, although I as a rule don't complain, *was a source of constant irritation, for numerous years recently.* It's just good, now seeing things in a better groove, at last. I hope my recent work reflects this turn around. At any rate, I'll add a few concluding thoughts into this essay, and think about wrapping it up, for

inclusion in this latest audio book part three. I hope that I've brought some sense into someones day, *and that we find what we were trying to say, after all.* I'll wrap these ideas up, and send them along your way now. All for now, Greg.

